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The Candle's Beams







THE CANDLE'S BEAMS
A BOOK OF POEMS
FOR CHILDREN BY
ALISON BROWN



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TO MY SISTER,
A LOVER OF CHILDREN.



THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

O little Christmas candle
In the window all aglow,
To-night your little beams must shine
Across the Christmas snow.

Lest He should find it dark Who came
To bring the world a light.
The little Christ Child walks again
On earth each Christmas night.



SUNNY HEART

O little Sunny Heart, there was a day
When the borders of childhood faded away,
And the distance of all the years between
Enshadowed the place where the road had been.
And we knew that the world couldn't be the same,—
But then, little Sunny Heart, then you came.

And with your coming we found again
The treasures we lost and had sought in vain.
We had forgotten how blue were the skies
Till they smiled from the depths of your baby eyes;
And the glints of the sun how very fair,
Till the sunbeams lost themselves in your hair.

O little Sunny Heart, you brought the key
That has opened the door of a mystery.
We follow the lilt of your baby feet,
And the ways that you lead us are far and sweet.
And the little lost road runs straight and true
From the hearts of us to the heart of you.



MY STAR

At evening when I go to bed
I raise my curtain high
Enough to see a little star
That twinkles in the sky.

Of all the other stars that shine
I think I like it best;
It's just a little baby star,
Much smaller than the rest.

It's such a happy little star,
And friendly as can be;
I know each time it twinkles
That it's laughing right at me.

I never mind it any more
When Nurse takes 'way the light;
My little star looks down on me,
And watches through the night.



MY BALL

My Christmas ball is round and red,
And made of rubber, Daddy said.
So many games with it I play
It keeps me busy all the day.

For I can toss it at a tree
And it will spring right back at me;
Or keep it bouncing on the floor,
And maybe count as high as four.

Or else I'll roll it down the street
And run to see if I can beat.
'Most always though I am the last,
My rubber ball can roll so fast.



LEARNING TO SKIP

I give one hand to sister dear,
And one to Dick, my brother,—
They're teaching me the skipping game,
First one foot, then the other.

And when I learn we'll skip to school,
At least in sunny weather,
And sing a little skipping song
To help us keep together.



THE DOG

Since Binky came to live with us I've had a Teddy
Bear,

And a real 'live bunny with the softest fur;
And sister's had a dolly with blue eyes and yellow
hair,

And a little gray plush kitty that can purr.

But Teddy Bear can't talk to me, and Bunny nips
my hands,

And the doll and kitty couldn't play a game.

So I love my dear old Binky best,—he always un-
derstands,—

And little sister loves him just the same.



HAPPY TIMES

(AFTERNOON NAP)

Happy time, happy time,
Afternoon nap-py time,
Out on the porch in the low rocking chair;
Mother to hold you,
Love to enfold you,
Soft summer breezes and sweet summer air.

Happy time, happy time,
Afternoon nap-py time,
Tired from playing the whole morning through;
Little feet glad to rest,
Little head on my breast,
Weary lids droop over eyes that are blue.

Happy time, happy time,
Afternoon nap-py time,
Mother's low singing and bees' drowsy hum;
Swiftly the minutes pass,
Long shadows on the grass,
It's almost time for your Daddy to come.



STORY HOUR

Happy time, happy time,
In Mother's lappy time,
Tell you a story? Well, what shall it be?
Babes in the Gloomy Wood,
Little Red Riding Hood,
Puss Who Wore Boots, or the Piggy-Wigs Three?

Happy time, happy time,
In Mother's lappy time,
Eyes wide with wonder and red lips apart;
Softly the fire glows,
It's only Mother knows
What in the world is most dear to her heart.

Happy time, happy time,
In Mother's lappy time,
Are you not satisfied? Cuddle close then;
I can't resist your smiles—
Those, and your baby wiles,
Call forth a promise to "tell it again."



BED-TIME

Happy time, happy time,
Nightgown and cap-py time,
Poppies are nodding, the Dream Boat glides near;
It bears a dream for thee,
Brought from the Slumber Sea,
Brought all the way for my little one here.

Happy time, happy time,
Nightgown and cap-py time,
Daddy will hold you and Mother will sing;
Sing of the summer night,
Moonbeam and flowret white,
Little wee birdie with head under wing.

Happy time, happy time,
Nightgown and cap-py time,
Lay him to sleep in his warm, cozy nest;
Darling, he's yours and mine,
Truly a gift divine,
Let us go softly and leave him to rest.



A RAINY DAY

Sometimes I like a rainy day,
Perhaps you think that's funny.
It gives me time to do the things
I can't do when it's sunny.

For when it's bright I play out-doors
With kiddie car or rollers;
But when it rains I sit inside
And draw with pretty colors.

I make a house and garden well,
With little birds a-flying;
A horse and wagon's harder though
I mean to keep on trying.

And if I tire of playing so,
Say after hours and hours,
I get my blocks and build a fort
With half a dozen towers.



MY MOTHER'S WATCH

My mother lets me take her watch
To bed with me at night.
I hold it 'neath my pillow
And snuggle 'gainst it tight.

And when I'm left alone to sleep
And no one else is near,
Her little watch says "Ticky-tock,
I'm here, I'm here, I'm here."



TINY TIM

I knew the way the little boy called Tiny Tim
should look,

But I never thought I'd see him till to-day.

I thought he lived within the pages of my story
book,

And couldn't leave its pretty covers gay.

But as I sat in church I saw a little crippled lad,
And Mother let me wave my hand to him.

His little coat was shabby but his eyes were happy
glad,

And I cried, "I know you, little Tiny Tim."

I wanted him to answer, but the music had begun,
And I only saw his little smile grow bright.

It seemed to whisper, "Yes, it's I. God bless us
every one."

And something in my heart said I was right.



THE SUN

The sun peeps in each morning,
And if I lie a-bed,
It laughs at me for being
A little sleepy head.

The yellow sunbeams shine on me,
And then to my surprise,
I find the grains of slumber sand
Are gone from out my eyes.



THE CLOUDS

Sometimes upon the grass we lie,
The little girl next door and I,
And watch the bright clouds as they go
Across the sky like drifts of snow.

I like to watch them change and break,
And see the pretty forms they take;
Sometimes they are not clouds at all,
But castles fair and towers tall.

And often they are mountains steep,
Or gentle hills for little sheep.
At drifting clouds I'd rather look
Than pictures in my fairy book.



SPRINGTIME

Springtime means birdies are come from the
Southland

Back to the tree tops and hedges and lawn;
Blue wings and brown wings and flashes of scarlet,
Whistling and trilling and glad bursts of song.

Springtime means sunlight is calling the flowers,
And grasses and each little green growing thing,
Out of the brown earth and steadily upward
To blue skies and cloudlets and breezes that sing.

Springtime means brooklets are freed from their
ice-walls,
To sparkle and murmur and laugh on their way;
Swelled by the showers from gray skies of April,
To brave little rivers are turned in a day.

Springtime means everything joyous and happy;
Winter is over—the winds, cold, and snow;
New hopes and new thoughts are calling us upward,
Springtime means yearning and striving to grow.



A LITTLE KNIGHT

What does a little child need
To be a knight?
Spurs and a gallant steed,
Or armour bright?

Ah no, he needs a sunny smile,
A loving heart,
And willing hands that all the while
Will do their part.



LULLABY

Tiny bright wavelets are lapping the side
Of thy wee little lullaby boat;
Are bidding it break from its moorings and ride
On the slow gentle swell of the Slumber Sea's tide
Where the frail little slumber craft float.

The frail little craft from Babyland's shore
On its way to the Island of Dreams;
With each little cargo more precious by far
Than the gold of the brightest and shiniest star,
Or the silver of pale moon beams.

The moorings that fasten thee close to the day
Can only be loosened by songs,
So Mother will sing thee away and away
To the land where the little dream children play,
And a sleepy-eyed baby belongs.



OUR FLAG

What secret do its glowing colors
Tell to you?

Its bars of red and white,
Its shining stars and bright,
Its field of blue?

The red says "Little child, be ever
Brave and strong."
The white is pure and clear,
And says "You need not fear
To right a wrong."

And honor whispers "Where's the little heart
That's kind and true?"
If you are glad to love
You'll know the message of
The starry blue.



THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

My birthday cake shines like a mound of white
snow,

And its pink birthday candles are softly aglow;
There's a garland of rosebuds to make them a
frame,

And wee sugar candies that spell out my name.

Now all of the children will gather about,
That each may a little pink candle blow out.
And each as he blows it a good wish will make,
To last till next year and the next birthday cake.



BARBARA

Little fairy Barbara in your frilly pinafore,
All the little sunbeams beckon to you through the
door,—

“Come and bring your dolly, and your ball and
bunny too,

Here's a summer morning that was fashioned just
for you.”

Little fairy Barbara, was there ever greater fun
Than a quiet playtime hour or a frolic in the sun?

Little lady Barbara in your dainty, quaint frock,
Afternoons were made for little girls to take a
walk.

Can you find a rose-bud that has climbed to be
your size,

Or a pansy that is softer than the velvet of your
eyes?

Little lady Barbara, was there ever such a treat
As the sight of you a-toddling in the sunlight down
the street?

Little baby Barbara in your whitey, nighty gown,
Little stars are twinkling and the night has set-
tled down.

Drift away to Dreamland on the waves of slumber
song,

With a shining firefly lantern just to light the way
along.

Little baby Barbara was there ever sweeter sight
Than a little child cuddled in her trundle-bed at
night?

THE WINTER BIRD

When the starry snowflakes flutter down
From a brooding winter sky,
And cover the lawns and the branches brown,
And the streets and house-tops high,
They whirl so fast that the trees are blurred,
And the walks and the garden wall,
And the story says that the Winter Bird
Is letting her feathers fall.
The great gray wings droop low and low,
As she hovers a while to rest;
And down drop the little feathers of snow
From her white and shining breast.



THE MOON

O pretty moon that rides so high
Across the dark blue night-time sky,
I wish that I could go with you
And see the many things you do.

You float o'er woods and rivers brown,
And many a little sleeping town;
Through other windows do you shine
As brightly as you do in mine?

With your bright silver light you make
A sparkling pathway on the lake;
Above the silent ships you roam,
And help to bring them safely home.

It is no wonder that you smile,
And look so pleasant all the while.
O pretty moon that rides so high
Across the dark blue night-time sky.



THE SAND MAN

Hush, little baby, baby dear,
 Away to the Sleepy Land.
The sly old Sandman tiptoes near
 With his bag of shining sand.

I've watched his shadow flutter by
 Your little bed at night;
I've heard his drowsy lullaby,
 And seen his sand dust white.

Hush, little baby, baby dear,
 Away to the Sleepy Land.
The sly old Sandman's stealing here
 To spread his slumber sand.





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